

**Steven Loren Adams**  
**Narrator**

**Cole Steinberg**  
**Concordia University, Saint Paul**  
**Interviewer**

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**Transcriber**

**June 21, 2022**  
**Minnesota**

**CS: Cole Steinberg**

**SA: Steven Loren Adams**

**CS:** This is an interview conducted as part of a larger faculty and student research project by Dr. Julie Luker of Concordia University, Saint Paul. Today is June 21, 2022. I'm here with Steve—I'm sorry—Steve Adams. My name is Cole Steinberg, and I am an undergraduate student at Concordia University, Saint Paul. Today I'll be talking to Steve about what life was like growing up in the Twin Cities. During this interview, I am going to ask you to reflect on your childhood life experiences as they relate to a variety of social topics from that time period. For the purposes of this interview, we have defined childhood as birth through 17 years of age. To begin, please state and spell your full name.

**SA:** Steven with a V, Loren, L-O-R-E-N, Adams.

**CS:** Please identify your race and gender.

**SA:** I am Caucasian and male.

**CS:** Please state your date of birth.

**SA:** May 1, 1950.

**CS:** Finally, please share where you grew up such as the name of the neighborhood or nearby street intersection. Include any major moves you made during this time period.

**SA:** All right. Well, we moved to Richfield in 1959, when I was nine years old. We moved to 6520 Irving Avenue South, which is in Richfield near 66<sup>th</sup> and Irving. We lived there until August of 1966, when we moved out to Shorewood on Lake Minnetonka. I spent the last two years of childhood until I turned 18 at that location.

**CS:** Okay. Thank you. I'd like to learn more about your family life. Let's begin with the memories you have for immediate and extended family. Please share some memories that you have about these relationships.

**SA:** Well, I—both of my parents were born in southern—and raised in Southern Minnesota. My dad was born in Mankato and grew up on the outskirts of Mankato on a farm for a portion of his

life until the family moved into town in urban Mankato. My mother grew—well, she was born on a farm near Petersburg, Minnesota, which I don't know if it even exists anymore, but it's south of Jackson near the Iowa state border. She lived on a farm, and they finally—she told me about the time that they got electricity in the '30s at the farm and how that was a big deal. Rural urban or rural—like REA, Rural Electrical Association, I think. That's where they grew up. My grandparents on both sides still resided in those parts. My grandparents on my maternal side, my mom's side, after leaving the farm, moved to Jackson, which was the biggest nearby town. My grandparents lived there until each of them died. My paternal grandparents lived in Jacks—or lived in Mankato until they passed away. Didn't stray too far from either locale. We would go back on a very regular basis to see my grandparents and aunts and uncles and whatnot in those two towns. I got to know Highway 169 very well because that was the main route that we took down to Mankato, and then beyond that, down to Jackson. I still have relatives living in Jackson. No one anymore in Mankato, but I've got two cousins that live—one lives in Jackson and one of them lives on the farm outside of Jackson. Still have roots in those areas.

**CS:** Okay. Did you have any family pets?

**SA:** We did. When we moved into Rich—we moved to our house in Richfield, we had a cat, a kitten, and it was during the 1959 election season, and the kitten was named Nixon. That was the Nixon-Kennedy election that year. My dad at the time was a staunch Republican. We got Nixon, and shortly thereafter, I started to have all kinds of sinus issues and runny noses and eyes and whatnot and went to the doctor and was told that I was allergic to cats. Nixon had a brief stay in our house. He left, I think, after about three months maybe. I subsequently found out I was also allergic to horses and, actually, any fur-bearing animal and feathers. We had a limited range for animals that we could have in the house. I'm supposedly allergic to dogs, too, but less so, so we had a dog when we were living in Richfield. It was a golden retriever named Brandy. She moved with us out to Shorewood when we moved out that way. Yeah, we had those two pets. Then, later after Brandy died, my parents got other dogs, but those were the two that we had during my tenure, during my childhood—a kitten and a dog.

**CS:** Okay. Which family members did you engage with the most growing up?

**SA:** Probably my sister. I've got a sister that's just slightly over a year younger than me. The two younger kids were about, I think, five and six years younger than me. They were babies, so I didn't engage with them a lot, but my sister was just a year behind me in school all the time, and much to her dismay, got compared to me quite frequently [*Laughter*] because I was a good student, and she was less so. Anyway, yeah, I engaged with my sister quite a bit, and we'd keep secrets from our parents and so typical kind of stuff, especially in teenage years. Yeah, my sister Jan is the one that I most closely identified with growing up.

**CS:** Okay. Thank you. Next, please describe the ways in which your family's economic status influenced your childhood.

**SA:** Well, our family's economic status changed pretty drastically from when I was born to when we moved out to Lake Minnetonka. My dad had been a teacher originally, and when I was—before I was nine years old, we lived in three different locales. We lived in blue—Bird Island,

Minnesota, where he was an English teacher. Then he got an offer to be the high school principal in Sanborn, Minnesota, so we moved there. We were there for two years. He just told me this story not too long ago about how we ended up moving from Sanborn, but we were renting a house in Sanborn, and by that time had four kids in the family. One of the things that had happened when we were in Sanborn was that this young woman who was a babysitter for us found out that the local feed store was giving away chickens, baby chicks, and so she went down with us to the feed store, and we got, I don't know, like half a dozen baby chicks. My dad was quite surprised when he got home and found that, here, we have all these baby chicks. Rigged up a heat lamp and kind of a cage for them in the basement. The landlord came by one day and found that we had, as he called it, livestock in the house and gave my parents an eviction notice and not very negotiable apparently. Well, Sanborn was a small town and still is. It's even smaller now. There was no other rental property in town, at least that could handle a family of two adults and four children. My dad was kind of in a quandary as to what to do, and a friend of his in Sanborn said, "Well, John, there's an opening for an insurance guy in Sioux Falls and maybe you want to go there." That's what we did. We moved out of town, and my dad changed professions and moved to Sioux Falls. Then, when the insurance company decided to close that branch two years later in Sioux Falls, we were at a decision point again. My dad applied for a teaching job in Richfield and got it at the high school. We moved to Richfield. That's how we ended up moving to an urban area, more urban at least than Sioux Falls. That was kind of an interesting—and I just found this out. I never was curious enough to find out why we ended up moving to Sioux Falls. I thought it was my dad just thought he wanted to change jobs and make more money. It turns out the insurance business was very lucrative for him. We got to Richfield, and he was teaching at Richfield High School for about two months, when someone he knew at the insurance company that he had worked at called him and said, "We've got an opening here in the Twin Cities. We'd like you to come on board." He did. He was the top-ranked salesperson in his company and made a lot of money, primarily insuring truck companies. Based on the money that he made from that, he was able to acquire some property out on Lake Minnetonka, an old summer estate with a friend of his, and they subdivided it, and each of them kept a lot, and they sold off the rest. That's when we moved out to Minnetonka. When we were living in Sioux Falls, we were renting again, and I remember our yard had barely any grass whatsoever. It was mostly bare dirt. That's all we could afford then. Then, we ended up moving into a brand-new house on Lake Minnetonka. Our family circumstances improved considerably from the time that I was young until I was 16.

**CS:** Okay. Great. Now I'd like to know more about your experiences with religion such as Catholicism, Lutheranism, *et cetera*.

**SA:** Yeah.

**CS:** Describe what you can recall about your family's religious practices when you were growing up.

**SA:** Well, my mom was raised Lutheran. My dad was raised Methodist. There's not a whole lot of distinction between them. As I was growing up, we always as a family attended the local Methodist church. In Richfield, we attended Richfield United Methodist, which is still standing

down there on 58<sup>th</sup> and Lyndale. Occasionally, when we'd go to visit relatives, especially in the summer, I remember attending vacation Bible school at the Lutheran church in Jackson one summer. It was a little strange to me. There were some—the way they say the Lord's Prayer is different than they do in the Methodist church, but we were pretty regular churchgoers. I made a lot of good friends at Richfield Methodist and got confirmed at Richfield Methodist. I was looking at the—my picture I've got of the confirmation class that year, and my gosh, they had to be 50 to 75 kids in the confirmation class. At the local Methodist church that we now attend in Golden Valley, we're lucky if we have three or four. It was a time when everyone attended church, and families were large. Like I said, we went just about every Sunday. It was great. I was a member of the youth group at Richfield Methodist, and as I say, made a lot of friends and had a lot of fun and went to summer camps. It was a very rich childhood in that respect.

**CS:** Okay. Now I'd like to learn more after the neighborhood in which you grew up. If you moved during childhood, you may wish to reflect on more than one neighborhood. This is fine to do, but please indicate as you do it. Please describe what comes to mind when thinking about the neighborhood in which you grew up.

**SA:** Well, Richfield was pretty much a working-class neighborhood. I remember the neighbors across the street. They were an Italian family, and I can't remember their last names right now, but the dad was a truck driver for [Munsingwear?], and he drove a semi-truck, and he'd be gone during the week. Then he'd come home and there'd be this big [Munsingwear?] semi parked out on the street in front of their house. It must have been a—he must have made a good living 'cause they drove a Cadillac. I remember that. We had Buicks and Chevys. They had this beautiful 1959 Cadillac. I remember that. Judy was their daughter, and like Ron was the son. The whole neighborhood, we knew everybody in the neighbor, and we had enough to form two baseball teams. We'd play baseball in the streets or softball—no, baseball. I think we played with tennis balls. Occasionally, we'd get one lodged up in the trees 'cause at the time elm trees were everywhere, and they grew over the street kind of like a cathedral. If you hit a high fly, it quite often would get lodged up there, and I remember the guy who owned the semi or had the semi across the street, occasionally he'd have to move the truck out in the middle of the street, get up on top of the trailer with a long pole and poke down the balls that we had hit up into the branches. A lot of kids in the neighborhood, as you can imagine. Had a lot of fun, a lot of riding bikes. We would quite often go to Grass Lake, which is in Minneapolis but just across the border on 62<sup>nd</sup> Street, and go down there and mess around and annoy the ducks and the geese and wade in the scummy water and stuff. Great fun for a kid at that age. We also lived there during a time when they were building 35W, so I got to watch 35W being built. Then later the Crosstown, Highway 62. That disrupted our life in some respects because we could no longer take Irving Avenue down to Grass Lake 'cause it used to go right through and then it got severed by the Crosstown, but for a while there, we had a great time playing on the Crosstown after they laid the pavement. We'd ride our bikes down. They'd go from Penn Avenue and then we even rigged up skateboards, homemade skateboards using parts of roller skates and a long board, and I remember skateboarding down the hill from Penn Avenue down to about Irving. I don't know if

my mom ever knew about that, but it was fairly dangerous 'cause you could get up to about 30 miles an hour on that skateboard, and if you hit a crack or anything, you'd go flying. That was an interesting time to be in a city when all this urbanization was taking place because originally, when we moved into Richfield, there were still farms out that way, and they were gradually being gobbled up for housing developments. Then freeways moved in, and I think the freeway opened about a year or two after we moved to Richfield. The Crosstown opened about, I don't know, four years after we moved there. We got to watch the city grow around us. Like I said, a lot of kids in the neighborhood, a lot of activities. We had Little League. We all rode bikes, and everyone had baseball cards they would put to their—clip to their bike and make the motor sound. Then, of course, rock 'n roll was exploding too. I was living in Richfield when the Beatles became a big deal. I remember going over to Steve Meyers' house on a Sunday night with a bunch of kids from my Methodist youth group, and we watched the Beatles on *Ed Sullivan*. It was just so cool. A lot of shared interests, a lot of shared experiences living in Richfield.

**CS:** Okay. Next, I would like to learn about the values shared by your family and your neighbors. Values are principles or standards that help guide behavior. What memories come to mind that demonstrate what these values were for your family and your neighbors?

**SA:** Interesting. Well, I think at the time everyone believed in religion, hard work, kind of a Puritan ethic. I can't remember any time that anyone got in big trouble in the neighborhood because everyone was pretty well behaved. I do remember there was a couple down the street that—the [Zeemers? 00:22:50]—that got a divorce. At the time that was kind of shocking that people would get divorced. They moved or at least the husband moved, I recall, when that became official. That was something that was kind of, I won't say forbidden, but it was kind of a stain on the family that they were divorced. In terms of other values they had, well, it was during the Red Scare, and we were all afraid of being bombed. I remember doing drills, civil defense drills at school, where we had to crawl under the desk in case an atomic bomb fell on the area. I do remember there was a family about a block away that built a bomb shelter, and the big deal in the neighborhood was, oh, my gosh, they got a bomb shelter. How cool. Then everyone is asking their parents can they get a bomb shelter too. I'm trying to think. Well, there was a family about a block away that their kids were known to be wild, the [Coobanders? 00:24:32], and they were kind of mean kids. Looking back on that, I think we—they were probably that way because they had a dysfunctional pair of parents. I think the dad might have been an alcoholic. We didn't talk about that stuff much. Everyone was married and heterosexual and religious. It was a very straight-laced kind of neighborhood. Now, from that standpoint, they were all pretty white-bread, middle-class families there. There was a shared set of values.

**CS:** Okay. Now I'm gonna ask you about leisure time. Describe some of the ways in which you, your family, and your neighbors engaged in leisure time when you were growing up?

**SA:** Yeah. Well, there weren't as many options for leisure time then as there are now. No, like I said, we played ball in the streets. I was also on a Little League team. I was in Cub Scouts. My older sister was in Girl Scouts. I'm trying to think of—oh, we lived not too far from Fairwood Park, which is down about 68<sup>th</sup> and Knox, I think. We'd go down there and ice skate in the

winter. Back then it was kind of interesting, as I look back on it. You either were a figure skater or a speed skater. There wasn't much in the way of hockey skates back then. The coolest thing, at least in Richfield at the time, was to be a speed skater. I'd go down there, and I had some black figure skates that I had been skating on, but then there were all these kids that would be zooming around the rink at a high rate of speed on their speed skates. That was a cool thing to do back then. Not a whole lot of adult supervision at the time. My parents were just glad to have at least one or two kids out of the house, so hand you the figure skates and tell you to go down to Fairwood Park. We did that. I mentioned, I think, we played in the water at Grass Lake. Oh, we all took piano lessons. My mom was my original teacher, and then when we moved to Richfield, the band director at my elementary school, which was Wood Lake, which doesn't exist anymore, heard me playing some boogie-woogie on the piano, and he talked my parents, my mom primarily, into letting me take lessons from a real professional, modern piano teacher. He taught modern music, which would mean jazz and stuff like that—Oscar Bellman. I remember he was downtown at a studio downtown at 8<sup>th</sup> and Hennepin. Initially, my mom would—my mom or dad would drive me down there. That just got to be too much with all the kids in the house, so I ended up taking the bus on my own. I was about 10 years old, 10, 11 maybe. Taking the bus downtown. My mom would give me bus fare. I'd go over to Penn Avenue and take the Penn Avenue bus, which went all the way downtown. There was also an extra fare if you crossed the city boundaries. She'd give me enough to start at 66<sup>th</sup> and Penn in Richfield and go all the way downtown. I figured out that if I got off on 62<sup>nd</sup> Street coming—if I got on at 62<sup>nd</sup> and got off at 62<sup>nd</sup> I could keep the extra nickel or dime or whatever it was so I could pocket that. I was taking the bus downtown to take piano lessons from Oscar Bellman starting in about 1962 probably, '61, I don't know, and going downtown. Hennepin Avenue back then was pretty wild.

*[Laughter]*. I learned a lot as a kid going down to Hennepin and 8<sup>th</sup> back then. My siblings did not take piano lessons from another teacher. They took 'em from my mom. Ultimately, I think most of the other three gave up on it, but I ended up taking lessons from Oscar until I was in tenth grade. From fourth grade to tenth grade, I took piano lessons from him. He was a very interesting guy. It was like going to Tin Pan Alley to go to his studio. I remember he had a recording machine. The first time I ever—well, the first time I ever saw a copier was he had a 3M [Thermofax?] copier, which copied on really bad, crinkly paper. Then he had a recording machine that it recorded directly on vinyl. He'd get these big, blank disks and put 'em on there, and then he'd say, "I want you to play it like this." He'd put it on there, and then he'd send me home with sheet music on crinkly paper. He did his own arrangements for the most part. Then, this big vinyl disk that he had shellacked that disk that he had recorded on so I could listen to that and then try and imitate it on the piano at home. That was something that I did until I got involved in debate at school and of course girls. I finally couldn't juggle all the interests. Finally, at age 16, dropped out of piano lessons. I regret that to this day. I was just getting to the point where I could start to improvise, and I wish I could do that. That was to learn to do improvisation. That's something that we did for fun. Also, when I got to be in junior high, dance parties at people's houses. Of course, rock 'n roll was just mushrooming at that time. The British

invasion was taking place. There was the Beatles. There was the Dave Clark Five. There was [unintelligible 00:32:55], all these British groups. We had a 45 record player in the basement and just about everybody did. We had a rec room that my dad had built out. We'd have people over occasionally and drink, I don't know, Coke and Pepsi and listen to music and dance. Then I did that over at other people's houses, too. At least in junior high that got to be a deal. Also, they had dances at school, teen club. I think it was the first Friday of every month was teen club. It must not have been the first Friday, but at any rate, they were pretty frequent, I think, once a month. I remember being in junior high the day that President Kennedy got assassinated. This is how shallow I was at the time. I was concerned that that was gonna interfere with teen club that night. Of course, they ended up canceling teen club. We didn't have a dance that night. Occasionally, they'd have live bands, too. Any of the local bands could play at them. I remember when I was in ninth grade, one of the bands that we had was the Castaways because guys in the Castaways went to Richfield West Junior High. They ended up being—having a national presence and national reputation. I don't know if you ever heard the song "Liar, Liar," but that was their one big hit. Yeah. One of the guys in the band, Roy—Roy Hensley I think his name was—anyway, he was 16 years old but still in junior high, driving a Corvette to school. That was kind of a—all the rest of us were about, I don't know, 13, 14, and here's Roy Hensley, a 16-year-old driving to school. I don't know if he ever graduated or not. I don't think that was big on his priority list at the time. Anyway, but yeah, a lot of activities that were created for us at the junior high and the high school. Then, of course, our youth group at church had activities, too, so a lot. The movies, the movie theaters. At the time there was a Richfield Movie Theater on 65<sup>th</sup> and Nicolet, and I would walk there actually before—to see movies, and especially the Saturday matinees, all the Saturday matinees. I remember seeing *The Lost World* there. I don't know how many times. It was Jill St. John. I thought she was really hot. Then, eating atomic fireballs or what else, jujubes, I remember. Oh, and dots and black curls. They were all the kinds of candy that they sold there. I'd go over there, and occasionally, I'd go there in the evening too. I remember seeing a bunch of those stupid beach party movies back then. Also, *Ben Hur*, I remember that was a big deal when *Ben Hur* came to the Richfield Theater. Yeah. Movies, goof around stuff, dances. I can't think of anything else. I do remember when I was in, I think, fourth grade in Richfield, the Guthrie Theater opened, but I never went there on my own. We'd take class trips to various cultural opportunities. I remember going to the Guthrie Theater the first year that it opened. I can't remember what I saw. That was my first experience with a theater that I can recall. That's what I remember for fun.

**CS:** Next, let's discuss your experience with schooling. Please describe what it was like going to school as a child.

**SA:** I was a good student. Teachers loved me. I think one of the reasons why I was a good student was that having a name that started with A, and they always seated people alphabetically for some reason, and I was right in front of the class. I was right up there in the upper left-hand corner of the seating chart. I didn't have anything to distract me, so I listened. I listened to what the teachers had to say, and I absorbed it and, consequently, got to be a good student, did well on

tests. I could regurgitate what they wanted me to. Classes were big at the time 'cause families were big. There'd be 30 students in a class. I especially remember my fourth-grade teacher, Hazel Jungles. Hazel had grown up in rural Minnesota near Wadena and Deer Creek. I never really understood her marital situation. She talked about her husband, but her husband was still living in northern Minnesota, and she and her daughter were living in Richfield. The way that Hazel ran her classes, it was like going to a one-room schoolhouse. It was very interesting from that standpoint. We raised chickens, watched eggs hatch. She read to us. I think we heard every *Little House on the Prairie* book that was written. Also, *Charlotte's Web*, which I still have fond memories of. I find it hard to kill a spider to this day. It was just very, very traditional. When I look back on it, I had a good experience, but I'm sure it was not a good experience for a lot of kids 'cause she was not very forgiving of kids that were not performers, top performers. Anyone with a learning disability of any sort, I'm sure she didn't treat them well. Oh, and we had spelling bees, and we'd compete with other classes. That was always exciting. Kids love the spirit of competition. Mrs. [Gosey's? 00:41:18] class, oh, we wanted to beat them so bad in the spelling bee. It was a big deal when we beat them in a spelling bee. When I was in grade school, yeah, it was all—I think, in general, teachers were not very forgiving of kids that had some sort of a learning disability of any sort. They didn't know much about them. I look back on it and I feel sorry for some of the kids that were in those classes and wonder how that changed their life by not getting the resources they needed at that young age. Then, I think it was '64, I remember going to the library a lot. We had a school library. It was kind of meager, but I loved reading biographies, and I think I read the biography of just about every composer that they had in that library. I also remember going to the library to watch Alan Shepherd, the first manned space flight, take off from Cape Canaveral. That was pretty amazing to realize that we finally got a guy in space. This was after Sputnik and after Yuri Gagarin had taken the first manned space flight. There's a big Cold War competition with Russia to—or at that time USSR to own space. Alan Shepherd went up for just like a 10-minute flight, but that was a big deal. Then, of course, John Glenn followed up, and I think we went to the library to watch that, too. Watched John Glenn circle the earth about three times, I think. We had probably as much exposure to learning opportunities as there was available at the time. I remember going to the Minneapolis Public Library, this big old building that no longer exists, down at 10<sup>th</sup> and Hennepin, and seeing the mummies. Oh, my gosh, to see the mummies is really the cool deal. They had a planetarium there, just kind of a makeshift planetarium. That was pretty cool. Then, going to the Science Museum over in Saint Paul. I remember doing that, taking a school trip over there. Like I said, the Guthrie Theater. I can't remember any kind of outside of the classroom activities that we would do, although they would bring in various performers, speakers, whatever to school. I think our favorites were—well, they had—occasionally, which is not really anything to do with learning whatsoever, a trained group of chimpanzees that had performed at our school. I don't know if they called 'em [*unintelligible* 00:45:20] or what they called 'em, but I remember Vern Gagne, who was a big pro wrestler at the time, came with some of his buddies, and he spoke to us. Everyone was begging him to put his famous sleeper hold on our principal, but he never did.

Then, I happened to be living in Richfield at the time the Minnesota Twins and then the Vikings came to town. I would go to Twins games at Metropolitan Stadium on occasion. They had something called knothole game, where on Saturday afternoons, for I don't know, like three bucks, you could see the game, get a box of popcorn and a hot dog, and supposedly get some good training on how to play baseball. I remember the guy's name was Angelo Guliani, and Angelo Guliani was the guy that would lead the clinic on how to punt a ball or catch a ball or throw a ball or whatever and pitch. I remember the big deal was at Woodlake Elementary when the new—some of the stars for the new Vikings professional football team came to school. I thought, wow, this is really cool. These guys, they looked like man among men. I remember the big star, at least for me, was Hugh McElhenny, who as I found out later, was washed up in his latter stages of his career, but I think it was part of the expansion draft, and he had been a star for, I believe it was San Francisco Giants, and—oh, no Giants—yeah, Giants. Wasn't it?

**CS:** I think it was the San Francisco Giants.

**SA:** Giants are a baseball team. It must have been the New York Giants at the time.

**CS:** Oh, yeah. Okay.

**SA:** Hugh McElhenny was a big deal. There he was on stage, 20 feet from me. That was pretty cool. Other things I remember, dodge ball, oh, that was fun. Mayhem on the playground, that sort of stuff. I had a good school experience, but I'm not sure that everybody else in our class did. I have some regrets about that, but it was out of my control. Teachers did what they wanted to back then, and it was mostly just keeping kids in line at that point.

**CS:** Okay. For a final topic, I'm gonna ask you to reflect on local and global issues such as war, poverty, discrimination, social unrest, *et cetera*. In your opinion, what are some of the biggest local or global issues affecting the people in your neighborhood when you were growing up?

**SA:** Well, there wasn't much in Richfield. It was a pretty placid community at the time. It was mostly white. I can't remember a person of color in any school that I attended until we had some foreign exchange students from Ethiopia when I was—after I had moved out to Shorewood and went to Minnetonka, transferred to Minnetonka High School. I don't remember a single kid of color in Richfield at the time. Noise started to be an issue because we lived near the airport, and for the first time, jets, jet planes were landing and taking off at the airport. I remember one of the first times that a jet took off from—we called it Walt Chamberlain Field back then, and it was around, I don't know dinnertime, 6:00 or so, and everyone in the neighborhood ran outside with their dinner on the table, ran outside to look up and see this jet go overhead. It wasn't an issue then. It certainly is now. I think it got to be more of an issue over the years as jets became more numerous. I remember one of the first jets to fly into Walt Chamberlain was one made in France. It was called the Caravelle, and I can't remember who flew those. I think it was United maybe. I thought, god, those are so cool 'cause they had rear-mounted engines, not on the wings. I thought that was pretty cool. Occasionally, we would go out to Walt Chamberlain Field and watch the planes come and go, take off out there. That's when the terminal was on the west side of the airport and small, maybe four or five gates, if that. You didn't have any skyways going to planes. You'd walk out on the tarmac and got in a plane. I think noise started to become an issue then.

To some extent, crime was an issue, not so much in Richfield, but we would read about it taking place in Minneapolis. That was back during the time when there was an organized crime syndicate called—it was a Kid Caan era. Caan is spelled C-A-A-N, I believe. Kid Caan ran a lot of the bars in town and engaged in, I'm sure, all kinds of illegal activities. It never seemed to affect us in Richfield. We didn't seem to have any issues with that. I'm trying to think of any other issues. Occasionally, traffic and traffic deaths were an issue because no one was wearing seatbelts. Most cars didn't have seatbelts then. I remember one year, I can't remember what year it was, but statewide the death toll from car accidents that year was approaching 711, which was the previous record. I remember these ads on WCCL radio that were scary sounding, 7 come 11, 7 come 11, and they hit it that year. You compare it to the traffic accident deaths now in Minnesota, and I think if we hit 500, it's a big deal. The population is so much bigger now than it was then. From a statistical standpoint, your chances of getting killed in a car accident back then were pretty high compared to what they are today. Oh, some of the other issues were the Sunday closing law was in effect because you couldn't buy anything on Sundays back then. You look back on it, and it's just kind of amazing that you couldn't go to Dayton's; you couldn't go to a grocery store. I think maybe there were some convenience stores that were allowed to be open, but you couldn't shop on Sunday. That was just forbidden. Ultimately, that got challenged by retailers. I remember Target being one of the big ones that just decided screw it; we're gonna open on Sunday, and then—this was after we moved out of Richfield, but they challenged the Sunday closing law and, ultimately, prevailed in court too. Now you can—my gosh, you can buy liquor on Sundays now. It's come a long ways. I should mention also not anything that was controversial, but Southdale Mall was built just before we had moved to the Twin Cities, and for leisure activities, on Saturday afternoons all the teenagers would go and hang out at Southdale Mall. That was a pastime just to look at each other, not to buy anything, but look at each other. I'm trying to think of any other kind of controversial issues or global issues. Of course, the Cold War was raging. We were all concerned about the Russians and the Soviets attacking us. The human missile crisis happened then. That had people on edge. I'm trying to think of any other global issues that—oh, well, civil rights. I think one of the most pivotal points in my life was watching the march on Washington in 1964, I think it was. I remember it was a really hot August afternoon, and I—we had one TV in our house. It was upstairs in my parents' bedroom, and we didn't have any air conditioning. It was just stifling hot. I wanted to see Peter, Paul, and Mary because I knew that—I was a big folk music fan at the time, and I had never seen them. They were going to be performing at the march on Washington at the Lincoln Memorial. So, I ended up watching the whole thing and saw a lot of my folk heroes perform, including Peter, Paul, and Mary. Then this guy, Martin Luther King, gave this speech, and it was just riveting to me. It's the "I Have a Dream" speech. It just made me realize that civil rights were not available to everybody, and it woke me up to the fact that not everyone had the same privileged lifestyle that I did. That made me a crusader in many respects. Because I had previously—I guess one of the things I failed to mention was that my first job when I was about 12, 13 years old, I was in eighth grade, I remember, and there was this teacher at Richfield West Junior High who had a summer

job delivering handbills for a gas station upon Washington Avenue in North Minneapolis, and he got a contract to distribute these handbills to households in the area. What he would do was that he would hire boys in junior high and pay them six-tenths of a cent for a handbill, for every handbill that they handed out. It was predominantly a black neighborhood. Here I am, a scrawny white kid from Richfield, going door to door in North Minneapolis sticking handbills in people's doors. I never felt threatened. I never felt—other than from dogs. I thought it was very—I was comfortable in that neighborhood. Comparing it to what it looks like today and how safe you might feel or not feel in North Minneapolis, it was kind of an idyllic time. I remember how distressed I was when—with the riots after Martin Luther King got assassinated. Actually, it was before he got assassinated. It was in 1967. There was a lot of distrust and mayhem up on—up in North Minneapolis on Plymouth Avenue, and the blacks rioted and burned down a whole lot of businesses up on Plymouth Avenue. I remember seeing that happening and thinking, wow, these people have been under stress for a long time. It finally just boiled over. I felt sad because some of those neighborhoods are ones that I had been to delivering handbills and walked the streets. To see it all in flames and seeing the cops manhandle those people was very distressing to me. I guess I came of age as far as civil rights were concerned when I was 13, 14 years old, whenever the march on Washington was. That really affected me. It was a turning point in my life.

**CS:** Okay. This is the end of our interview. Your responses are invaluable, and we really appreciate that you took the time to do this today. Thank you so much for participating.

**SA:** Sure.